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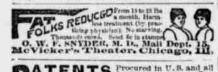
"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months after eating, and a heavy load in the genteel or the reverse. pit of my stomach. Sometimes a I was working for Thomas she McHenry, Druggist, Allegheny City, childhood it would have been differ Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. I used August Flower for two weeks. I was relieved of all trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I have gained twenty pounds since my recovery. J. D. Cox, Allegheny, Pa. @

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Like No Other Love.

By Charlotte M. Braen CHAPTER VI.

People often wondered and asked from whom Magg e Waldron had inherited her besuti ul face. Her father John Waldron, the land-Her steward and agent of 1 ord Stanleigh. was a commonplace man, active and industrious and possessing a certain amount of talent, but without the least approach to anything in the way of good looks. How came he to have a daughter whose beauty bewildered those who looked upon her? Surely no quet Englishwoman was the mother of that witching girl! If John Waldron had told the story of his life it would have been found like many others-a story of years of lowly struggling and monotonous work, with one year of fierce passionate love. There was a hidden romance in his life, now buried far out of sight-some story of a beaut ful gypsy girl who had left her people to totlow him, and had died within the

I e never alluded to it; and when people spoke of the wonderful loveliness of his daughter he thought that one year which had been I ke heaven on earth to him and said nothing. I'e had not had much education, but be understood the management of landed property, was industrious, honest and tru-tworthy therefore | ord Stanleigh had chosen him as his agent, and had been more than pleased by the manner in which he had discharged h s duties

John Waldron had made no at tempt at beinging up h s daughter himself. He had intrusted her while she was quite young to the care of his sister, who had brought her up, educated her, and kept her until her death. When his sister diel John Waldron's daughter came home, and no one was mo e astonished than he himself at her wonderful beauty. The girl had been in some measure ruined by her education, which had been conducted on the "genterl" principle. She had not been taught so much the difference between right and wrong as between what the mistress of with Dyspepsia. I had a fullness the school she attended considered

John Waldron was never quite at deathly sickness would overtake ease with his beautiful daughter. If had lived with him from her ent; but she did not come to him until she was nearly seventeen and he was yot one of those men who gave to a child the idolatrous love lavished on a

> It seemed strange to him at first to see the graceful figure litting about his house, to hear the bright snatchesongs and the trills of silvery laughter, to see little fem nine orna ment lying here and there

He never attempted in any way to direct or shape her life she would marry some day, he supposed and in the meantime she could keep house for him. He wanted his breakfast ready at seven in the morning and supper at nine at night he his exacted no more. She could spend the interven ng hours as she plea ed. He did hope or one thing and it was that, when the time came for love and marriage, she would say nothing to him, nor give him any trouble in any way about it.

John Waldron lived in a small house belonging to Lord Stanleigh. A MONTH commission-wanted which was situated to the south from the every town and county to the county town of Armylage. Lord Stanleigh had not as yet seen his steward's beautiful daughter, but Lord Stanleigh's valet had seen and fallen in love with ber.

· It was no great con .uest." thought Maggie, 'the heart of a valet:" and she tossed her pretty head in dis-

If she had learned nothing else during the course of a genteel education she had at least learned the value of a beautiful face; and she knew that there were few more beautiful than hers.

Herman West Lord Stanleigh's valet, never spoke to any one of the tressure he had found in the small house near the woods; but he to ed the girl with a lo e that was almost terrible in its force and strength. He knew that sohn Waldron was generally from home and that Magge was there alone with the old servant. Jeanette; so there were few days on which he did not contrive to pass by the house to leave presents of fruits or flowers for Maggle. If she were linger ng in the garden he stopped and talked to her. Dainty, beautiful Maggie laugh d at him; still, the heart of a valet, she reflected, was better than nothing. the homage of a valet better than no homage at all.

She never deceived him-never pretended to be even in the least degree touched by h.s affection; but the man loved her with a grim determined, obstinate love that could never change-a love that from its intensity, its stern, bitter jeatousy. would have frightened any girl who

understood human nature. In Maggie there was a certain amount of ambition and passion; but 11.22 her finer impulses had been ems hered by the genteel element in

which she had been educated. Maggie Waidron woke one July morning a morning on which the dawn of a tragedy broke feeling more light-hearted than usual. She loved the early morning hours and liked to open the windows and doors to let the fresh fragrant air fid the house. It was not much after 7, and before her lay the whole of a long July day. There was nothing to do and no one to see; she must amuse herself in the bost way she could.

"I wish." said the girl to herself, that I had a kitten, or a little dog. or anything to love or talk to, or

amuse myself with." By and by Maggie went out. There was more companionship in the woods where the birds were singing she laughed at him. than in the lonely house where the

servant was at work. She wore a brimmed hat with a wreath of pink roses. She knewshe was beautiful, but different.' she did not know what a lovely picture she made as she went singing merrily along the path that led to the

After walking some distance she felt tired, and sat down to rest in the very heart of the woods. She took off her hat to let the cool wind play in the masses of her dark glossy hair. Near where she sat grew some poppies; the pink roses in her but looked faded and insignificant beside the crimson flowers, so she wreathed the opp es in their place, laughing gayly as she did so.

Suddenly a shadow fell across the gra-s. The girl did not notice it at first, for the great boughs as they stirred in the bree e often made such shadows; but it grew larger. Then she raised her e es and saw standing before her a handsome young man. hat in hand.

"I have lost my way." he said. ·Could you tell me how to find the nearest path to the highroad."

In one moment the whole course of the young heir's life was changed. A poet says. 'Love is no love unless it comes at once," As he stood there with the commonplace words upon his lips the swift arrow of first love pierced his heart.

Only a minute had elapsed since he had entered this glade where the hade was so cool and the wind so sweet, and already his life lay far behind him. He had never refused any wis or desire in his life; why should he begin to pra tice selfdenial now? He ought to have list ned to Maggie's answer and have pas ed on. As it was, he stood still, feeling that he could not move away.

"The nearest path that leads to Armytage? It is certainly not this way. It is quite half a mile from

"In that case," he said. "I will rest for a few minu'es before I try to reach it. I have been walking for some hours and I am tired."

He sat down opposite her. "I think," he said slowly looking at her, "that this is the loveliest day of a lovely year. One ought to have nothing to do in the summer but lie under the trees and dream."

· Bees make honey in the summertime to last through the winter's cold," she replied.

"I am glad I am not a bee," said Sir Carlos, watching the dark lashes as they lay like siken fringe on the cheek that was like the fairest leaf of

To Sir Carlos Carew, whose life had known no greater charm or interest than sport, this wonderful passion of love came like a revelat on Maggie's ea-y, careless manner had a wonder ul charm for him. As a rute, when he was in the society of girls. they did their best to entertain him. Maggie leaned her dark beautiful head against the trunk of a tree and listened to him, weaving the popples into all kinds of fantastic forms and seeming much more interested in them than in him, but secretly delighted as she noted the looks of admiration he cast on her.

When he could stop no longer he told her that he could not endure the thought of leaving her unless she promised to see him again. She did promise, and went home with her heart and mind full of him; he had told her all about himself, and she ead given him the outline of her sim-

You have never seen Lord Stanleigh, I suppose," he said; and Maggie answered "No." but that she knew Hiram West, his lordship's valet. He resolved that he would not mention Maggie to 1 ord Stanleigh. lest he shouls try to win her himself. he told him that she had nothing to do in the day-time and he asked her to meet him in the woods on the mor-

Had Maggle been ever so inclined to talk about her adventure, there was no one who would care to hear Jeannette detested all men. young or old, so she could not expect sympathy from her. The girl had n shrewd suspicion that even if her father was disposed to listen, it would be wiser not to tell him.

to day after day Sir Carlos and Maggie met in the woods, and every day Sir Carlos grew more deeply in love. He was a changed man. rec or had predicted that it would be a hopeless case when he did fall in love and he was right.

Sir Carlos had no thought but for Maggie. To him everything was centered in that girlish graceful fig-Where she was not, all was ure. desolation and gloom. They teased him at Hatton-the ladies especally declared they knew the symptoms; but no one teased him a second time: there was something in his face that

Lord Stanleigh thought that, if the himself, it was quite time, and that it was nobody's business but his own. As he did not even know of the exi-tence of Maggie Waldron, no suspicion pointed t at way.

Sir Carlos had known Maggie a fortnight spending two or three hours with her every day, when he resolved to marry her. She, and no other, should be his wife. The girl was delighted with her conquest; and she laughed more than ever at Hiram West. What presumption it was of him to think of her! She laughed more scornfully when he came to her one day and asked her to be his wife. He had saved a few hundred pounds he said, and had the opportunity of boying a small hotel at the seaside. Would she consent to be the mistress of it! If she had him in a few kindly told words that she was sorry for him, but that she could not marry him, all might have been well; but

"No," she told him, "I am not go-

ing to be mistress of the 'Travelers' dress of pale pink print and a broad- Rest' or the Ship Ashore' or any seaside hotel; my lot in lie will be quite

> "Maggie," he said gently, "do not throw away the substance for the shadow. No man living can ever love you as much as I do.

"I know one who loves me better," she replied.

He bent his dark face over her. "You are like a beautiful, fluttering bird." he said; and you will be caught unless you are careful, just like a bird in a net I-I have seen you once with Sir Carlos-you are not so foolish as to think that he will marry you? Oh, Maggie, much as I love you I would sooner see you dead than that he should mislead you."

"He will not mislead me." she replied with a scornful toss of her

Hiram West trembled with emotion. "I know them, my doar those idie young aristocrats, far better than you Watch one of them as he walks through the fields; wantonly, idly, without reason, he will with a stroke of his cane cut down the fairest sweetest flowers as he passes by; and my dear, the life, the soul of a young girl like you is no more to such as he than the wild flowers."

Sae laughed again "I "n not believe it." she replied:

and he face darken d with anger. So the young and foolish have spoken from time immemorial." so they will speak until they he cried wrathfully. "You been laugh at me at my love at my warning. We shall see. But remember this if ever he injures one hair of your head if ever he gives you one hour's heartache. I will have his

She shuddered as she listened. "I shall never lose sight of you or of him." he continued. "and if he injures you his life shall pay the forfeit. Have you "he alded in a gentler tone, 'no kinder word to say to mo before I go?"
"No, not one," was the hasty reply.

Her pride and vanity alike were wounded. Did he think so little of her beauty as to fancy she could not win what she liked with it? She little knew that for the man she loved she had made that day a daugerous en-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARY WASHINGTON When Her Son Came to See Her She Did Not Speak of His Fame.

When the tidings of the splendid success at Yorktown were brought direet from the general to h s mother, she was moved to an exclamation of fervent thanksgiving: "Thank God! the war is ended, and we shall be blessed with peace, happiness and independence for at last our country is free." Shortly after the surrender of Cornwallia Washington left New York with a brilliant suite of French and American officers, and started upon his journey to Philadelphia. stopping on the way at Fredericksburg to visit his mother. It was nearly seven years since he had last seen her face: he left Mount Vernon in May, 1775, and did not return till the autumn of 1.81. Now that the time of meeting drew near, his mother was serene but ver; quiet. But it was not the hero crowned that filled her thoughts, but the son who after years of absence and danger, was coming back to her. On the 11th of November, 1751, the town of Fredericksburg was all aglow with joy and revelry. Washington, cin midst of his numerous and brilliant suite." wrote Mr. Custis 'went to apprise her his mother of his arrival. and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him . Alone and on foot, the general-in-chief of the combined armies of France and Amerien" he gees on to say in the grandiloquent style of the day, "the delivever of his country, the hero of the hour, repaired to pay his humble tribute o duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being," etc. When the warm embrace of greeting was over, looking into his face with earnest, close observance, her eyes enkindled with maternal love, she said tenderly. "You are growing old tieorge; care and to I have been making marks in your face since I saw you last." Her voice is said to have been singularly sweet writes Mrs Ella Washaugion in the Century, and he loved its cadence as she called him by name. She inquired as to his health, and she spoke much of old times and old

friends, but of his glory not one word." Meridetary Enowiedge.

A little 3-year-old whose father, two grandfathers and a great-grandfather are physicians was entertaining herself one day by playing doctor to her dolls. The nurse kept the young physician going on a round of calls from doll to doil and writing prescriptions in her bubyish bieroglyphics.

At last the weary little body climbed young fellow had made a romance for linto an arm chair and lay back for a moment's rest. The nurse fearing lest the slightest diversion should turn the active little brain toward something that would demand more of her attention, sought to reawaken interest in the dolls by a very urgent telephonic summons.

The little doctor straightened up at the tling-tling of the imaginary bell. and resting her elbow on the arm of the chair and m king a receiver of her dimpled hand, asked what was wanted.

She was informed that Jenny Purdy needed her services at once. With a sigh of impatience she gathered her little body together as if for a plunge out of the big chair; then a look of intelligence passed over her face, and she settled back with this pithy mes-

"Tell Miss Purdy de doctor tain't tomo: he's busy sittin' in his office." -Youth's Companion.

The fortune which nobody see makes a man happy and unenvied.

THE PASS SYSTEM CAUSES MAJOR HANDY TROUBLE.

Sights in the Big Hulldings and Along the Midway Plalsance-The Oriental Dancing Girls-Diamonds from South

(World's Fair Correspondence.)



HE SOUTH AFRIcan exhibits are calculated to make one's eyes open with astonis ment and perhaps arouses every sentiment of envy and cupid ty in the human heart upo beholding it, that is the display of d amonds from the mines of South

Africa. The diamond display at the the French. American and English departments particularly, is something marve ou , b the kumberley show, in the mining building, is something that is educational as well as artistic. The exhibit is carefully guarded by great, quaint booking, bared Zalus, who, standing about with clubs and spears, give he beholder an idea of the ideal muscularity that Haggard depicted in the phenomenal physique f his hero, Umsiopagas, Diamond digging is shown f om be-ginning teen. There were 100 tons of dirt bro ght from Colony and a miniature machine that demonstrates



DANCER FROM DAMASCUS. what the process is whereby the soil is routed of its precious stones. This is worked daily and the pebbles are e tracted j st as is done at the mines. The rough diamonds are turned over to polishers, who perform their work behind glass cases

The Midway I laisance captures everyto ly nowaday , but somehow visit-ors are getting to be a little cautious how they tell what particular theater they visi el, ju t as the American in Paris hints to his friend from home who accidentally runs across him at the Bullier that "it doesn't go, you know; and it isn't necessary to go into any particulars at home. Plaisance. But everybody goes there, and everybody usually has good times. for the brilliant panocamic effects of the region are kept up to a higher degree of attractiveness than ever fo e. There has been a good deal of talk on the part of some who are oversen-itive or overnice to the effect that the Algerian theater should be abolished, and that the theater in Cairo st eet should be regulated a little more stri tly on the lines of morality; but on the whole, there cannot be said to be anyting very objectionable there. The poetry of motion in the Praisance is largely muscular poesy, and will give the casual behildes a s rt of nightmare suggestive of the St. Vitus dance and a Southern negro trot.

In the Cairo theater there is a dusky beauty in a peacock of e skirt with a waist to match. The skirt hangs upon the hops, and any man with ga ab instincts would lay ten to one the moment she began to dan e thet the skirt would not stay on the minutes, and no takers. The skirt a d waist are not o speaking terms, and the space be-tween tuem affording spreadld free play for the abdominal mus les, is covered with some thin stuff. To the mus c of an an ient, feedle tambour-ine, a gourd fid ile with the asth na and a distratting monotonous tom-tom this "m iden" pironett s. She træs no high kicking, no skirt business, no mode n tage serpentine figure , simply sides about the stage in slow, gliding circles, her hands waving slowly over he head. Her main ambition se m to be to disjoint hers If at the hips. The anatomy b low the breast periorms a series of violent tre nors, spasms and contractions. With tiny cyanoals like castanets to keep up a clanging accompaniment to "mus c." This she k - ps up for a long time, and until apparently an er and musicians to to sleep, but they suddenly revive and the poor girl has to do it all over again. This is the



dromendary when the procession moves up the street to the theater.

WORLDS FAIR LETTER are in attire that might be taken for gaudy house gowns. In these the girls dance on swords and engage in perhaps a more realistic pas du ventre than do those in Cairo. There the dance may be characterized as almost b utally immodest, only relieved by the fact that he clothing is even more plentiful than in the Turkish Odeon.

It is held by Syrians of intelligence here that these dances are simply a custom of the Orient, . f lk dance. to speak. Yet that it has its origin in



DANCER FROM ALGIERS. the Mohammeda estimate of the inferiority of women there is little doubt. The object in life of east ra women is to aff and pleasure to their master, man. Therefore, they mais ter to his several appetites. World's Fair is a great teacher.

It's a pretty sudden wrench to jump from the peculiarities of the oriental dancer born to the beauties o the Japanese display. But there could be no more decided Exposition in the world. The exhibit, like all else that the Japs have done at the Fair, is now complete—It deses description: it has an is describable tranquility ab at it that is enchanting; it is a premely artistic. The most striking piece in the co-lection is a tapestry filling the side of one room. It is a species of, or rather suggestive of, Gobelin in silk, and is worth \$30,000. Its theme is a festival procession I aving a temple, and there are more than 1,000 figures in the work, some of which are correct enough to be partraits. In de-tail it is superb as to garments, foliage. bris, sky and so on. This peeof wo k was four years in loom. The brone department is best shown in the center group, a unrelsome old cock on a tree and nold h n and brood under him. The ail feithers of the old di-turber flutte in the slightest draft, so fine, so real st c are they wrought. There are wood, ivory and other works of art. The paintings are peculiar but in cinating.

Two of the most interesting exhibits in the manufactores building are displayed by the two leading jewelry concerns in the United States -Tiffany & Co. of New York and the Mermo i & Jaccard Jewelry company of St. Louis. The former has he etofore been described. The last name I firm has revolutionized the jewelry trade of the west, and a entitled to the credit of being the p oneer in the country west of the bissis-ippi river in high-class diamond jeweiry, silverwares and so lety stationery. Its retail department is distinguished by what may be termed an improve-ment on oriental splendor.

This exquis te exhibit o' d'amonds.

jewelry, silverwares and sta ionery was designed and produced by this firm expressly for the Words Fair, everything being new and almost ex-clusively original in thought and design, and its loy it; to its home city is shown by the fact that its entire exhibit is designed to ypify Louis IX.
of France, the sainted monarch after
whom Missou is leading city was named, and Louis XV., during whose relathecity was founded. hibit is an exquisite portrayal of the



A ST. LOUIS EXHIBIT.

beauti'ul style of art which was dewel ped during the periol of the "lo is'," in luling the peculiar heraldic, rococo, pompadour, bowknot, fleur-de-lis, ribbon-wreath and festooned characters which unde lie all that is still regarded as the most beau-tiful in gracef 1 form and attractive

line in art decoration.

To carry out this cautifully conceive an ideal thought all the furniture, show cases, draperies, fittings, ande en merchandise, are of the char-acters mentioned. The pavilion is of a truly reyal character worthy in its graceful form and elecant tinish to fittingly represent the period of France in which that nation obtained its high-est glory. The external decorations are of white and gold with the name "Saint Louis" formed by electric lights so bri-liant that the words ap-pear as though written in letters of fire in the sky. The solid silverware and diamonds in the e-hibit harmonize with the pavilion, fre use having been made of the fleur-de-lis, rococo, pomp dour, De-Harry, Louis Quinze and other exquisite designs.

The pass business is one of the

things that give the Fair people most to oble. There is a perpetual demand upon them for free admissions. he large t number of passes go to exhibitors and heir employes. Over 21,000 regular photographic passes have been save to exhibitors, concessionaires, their employes and the press. The press of the world has been given, danse du ventre. In plain English it is known as the stomash dance. Many passes. Workingmen have about 22,-ladies get all they want of it, after beholding it but a little bit, and leave of states and territories, lady a na-American proprieties, but everybody wants to see it and they do.

There are several varieties of this dance given in the Cairo street and in the theater there. One female exhibits the abdominal movement riding on a decomplant when the recognition of the control these figures it see s that in my one day there might to nearly \$5,000 legit-In the Algerian theater there are of which, say, 35,000 would be good but for one day.